

1353. 2. 111  
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PENITENTIAL  
E P I S T L E,  
AND  
HUMBLE SUPPLICATION,  
TO HIS HOLINESS  
THE POPE,  
*Pius VI. Pope*  
IN THE NAME OF  
THE PEOPLE OF GREAT-BRITAIN;  
FOR A  
PERFECT RECONCILIATION AND PERPETUAL  
ALLIANCE WITH ROME.

---

She found them both in darksome corner pent,  
Where that old woman day and night did pray  
Upon her beads devoutly penitent :

Nine hundred *Pater-Nosters* in a day,  
And thrice 900 *Aves* she was wont to say.

SPENCER.

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To be sold by J. ROBERTSON, and A. LESLEY,  
Nicholson's-Street, *Edinburgh*; and BRASH  
and REID, *Glasgow*.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IT would be of little consequence to the Reader to be informed by what means a copy of the following remarkable Memorial fell into the hands of the Editor; as he may readily perceive, in the perusal of it, the strongest marks of authenticity.—It has not yet been laid before the public in form, among other late articles of diplomatic correspondence. It is addressed to a court which long has had for its motto, MYSTERY, written in capital characters, that would not, like a raw French Directory, tell all the world what it was about; Nor are British ministers so foolish as to disclose important treaties *pending Negotiation*. It has indeed been surmised, that a draught of the Memorial was communicated to a certain House that lately terminated its political existence, whose fame will ever live for its active exertions in forming and cementing a holy Catholic league; it is even said to have been received, when read in a Secret Committee of the whole House *upon Religion*, with smiles and loud claps of approbation: but though none can doubt the willingness of that body defunct to assist ministers in their labours for the pub-

lic good, and though the effecting such an important affair might have been a proper crowning part to a series of other meritorious services; yet little credit is due to this intelligence, as there are some things in the letter itself that seem to bring it down to a more recent date. Nor will any, who know the enterprizing spirit of our *prime* negociator, suppose, that he would hesitate to begin or finish such a business on trust, without that punctilious nicety, and tedious formality, of waiting the sanction of any such House. He is not of that dastardly cast to be deterred from his noble purposes, in this or other instances, by the creed of his fathers, the prejudices of the vulgar, or by any such bugbears of obsolete statutes, as those which declare it a capital crime, to open [a negociation, and attempt a reconciliation with Rome.—Ever since he arrived at the maturity of his understanding, and the summit of his elevation, he scorns to be called the son of the old Whiggish dotard, Lord Ch——m, who with his dying breath declaimed against perpetuating papal jurisdiction, even in the remote parts of America, declaring any act to that effect, “a fundamental violation of the constitution, and of the law of succession to the British crown.”

But



But under the present auspicious administration the project, once begun, cannot long sleep : By the diligence of a special Messenger, and our *Charge' des Affaires* at Rome, we may soon expect to hear of its being in a favourable train ; if it be not already finally concluded, during the visit lately paid by an Ex-vice-roy to the Head of all the old regular governments of Europe. He who a little before had, in concert with the sacred see, amicably settled the ecclesiastical affairs of his insular government, consenting to quarter again British sovereignty with Papal supremacy, was a very proper person to be entrusted with this.—If he brings over *our peace* with that see, ratified in form, it may console the nation for the disappointment in not obtaining one at Paris ; and if he is loaded with its benedictions, and a plenary indulgence, it will afford Britain ample compensation for the loss of his little kingdom.

## ERRATA.

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**Page**   **Line**

- 8,    1, read " cloisters."  
      21, for *thence* read *hence*.  
12,   21, 22, for *ed*, in last syllables, read '*d*.  
22,    5, for *courst* read *courts*.  
      17, for *past*s read *past*.  
      21, read *Canossa*.  
27,   10, for *Romans* read *Romance*.  
36,    8, for *pray* read *pay*.  
      17 and 18, exchange the points at the  
              end of the lines.

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## *E P I S T L E,*

---

**M**OST HOLY FATHER ! at your throne,  
In low prostrations we fall down :  
These presents our good wishes show ;  
By them we kiss your sacred toe ;  
This opportunity we seize  
To set our aching hearts at ease,  
Which long have been stung with remorse,  
To think all friendly intercourse  
'Twixt Rome and this accursed land,  
Has been for ages at a stand.  
Your past'ral care has long been missing ;  
No bulls we've had with papal blessing,  
No pardons, palls, or jubilees,  
Are granted from beyond the seas ;  
No blessed roses, banners, crosses,  
T' insure success, or pay our losses,  
Have visited our native shore,  
Such as were seen in days of yore.

Of faintly treasures we've no share,  
 Tho' quite of grace and merits bare.  
 Of children's bread have not a crumb;  
 To mother aliens we're become.  
 Tho' great our distance, and our crime,  
 We hope 'tis not yet out of time,  
 Most holy Father! to find grace:  
 Deign to admit us to your peace.  
 Tho' long we've wandered, alack!  
 Permit us humbly to look back;  
 When we like prodigals return  
 O! from your feet us do not spurn!

New sentiments rise in our breast,  
 Which long we impiously suppress,  
 With grief we view our follies past;  
 Back to your fold again we haste;  
 The *Northern heresy* deplore,  
 Which all authority did low'r,  
 Reform, both name and thing, we hate,  
 Alike, a foe to Church and State;  
 That pluckt some jewels from your crown;  
 That threats to pull all sov'reigns down.  
 We wish to join in common cause;  
 Admire your wise terrific laws,  
 Your hired janizaries, spies,  
 Your roaring bulls, and pious lies,  
 Your dungeons, racks, and flaming faggots,  
 To drive away reforming maggots,

That



That made the holy city great,  
 Of royal priests so long the feat.  
 Your claims excite no jealous fear:  
 All princes may be proud to wear  
 Their honours, by your act of grace,  
 When leagu'd with you in love and peace.  
 When you maturely weigh the matter,  
 And think what's done this side the water,  
 In favour of the holy See,  
 From every curse you'll set us free:  
 Such wond'rous things have fallen out,  
 As put our views beyond all doubt;  
 Our actions make our friendship clear,  
 And prove our penitence sincere.

With awe and reverence profound,  
 We tread again Rome's hallowed ground;  
 Who would not at your footstool bow,  
 And own a deity below?  
 What crown so ancient to compare  
 With that bright Tiara you wear?  
 What throne so glorious as the seat  
 Which, as St. Peter's delegate,  
 With venerable air you fill;  
 Ty'd to no law, but your own will?  
 For pow'r like this, we rulers-lay  
 Devoutly wish, and daily pray.

Thro' many a long revolving age,  
 In spite of fierce schismatic rage,  
 Or furious heretics attack,  
 In spite of plots, sometimes a sack,  
 Your apostolic throne has stood,  
 High and superb, midst seas of blood.  
 What num'rous tribes, extensive lands,  
 Submissive waited your commands !  
 What nations trembled at your rod,  
 What millions reverenc'd your nod !  
 You conquests gain'd without a sword ;  
 Kings rose, or tumbled, at your word.  
 What petty lords the Cæsars prov'd  
 When they your ghostly anger mov'd :  
 Hail'd monarch of the land and seas,  
 You kingdoms parcell'd out as fees ;  
 Took up the isles as some small thing ;  
 And crowns away as vile did fling.  
 To earth, to heav'n, stretch'd out your sway ;  
 You spoke—hell's legions must obey !

Rome's golden age we oft review ;  
 Time may that golden age renew,  
 When princes waited at your gate ;  
 When suppliants press'd from ev'ry state ;  
 When legates were dispers'd abroad ;  
 When emp'rors walk'd, and *Papas* rode :  
 When palls and hats did bear good price,  
 And bulls and pardons in a trice,

Could

Could raise a fund to build a temple,  
 Such as St. Peter's, for example ;  
 Or levy troops for holy wars ;  
 When armies risk'd both death and scars,  
 For holy nails, and mould'ring coffins,  
 Whose touch at once made faints of ruffians.  
 When annats, tithes were duly paid,  
 And mafs and *obits* daily said.  
 When men might chuse what fin did please  
     them,

And dispensations buy to ease them ;  
 Might vent or lies, or oaths, *per gros*,  
 Or steal, and rob—then kiss a cross :  
 Break faith, commit rape or incest,  
 Or hug a nun, as pleas'd them best :  
*Item* for murder, or *advoutry*,  
 For crimes of nat'ral fort, or *outré* :  
 For all you had your *salvos* ready,  
 For rich or poor, for lord or lady,  
 Then ge'men's consciences could doze,  
 Lull'd by the priest to sound repose ;  
 With ease could cast of ev'ry sin,  
 As men do clothes, who strip to skin.  
 If purgatory's fear perplexed them,  
 Or devils and hobgoblins vexed them,  
 You could ensure against all harms ;  
 Provided antidotes and charms

Of never-failing operation,  
Against all ills in the creation †.

† Every thing almost that the Pope or subordinate Priests were pleased to consecrate, was in consequence endued with a saving virtue, and the power of banishing both temporal and spiritual dangers: Such were crosses, images, relics, holy water, oil, perfumes, beads, buttons, bells, ropes, scapularies, &c. In the ceremonial of consecrating an *Agnus Dei* (a little image of a lamb made of wax) after baptizing it, a prayer is made for its sanctification by the grace of the Spirit, “ and that whosoever will carry about with him one of these lambs, may never be troubled with any storms; nor overcome with any adversity, nor plague, nor ill air, nor shipwreck, nor fire, and that no man may ever have dominion over him.” *Cerem. Rom.*

When Urban I. sent one of these to the Empress at Constantinople, he told her, that besides all the above virtues, “ it breaks and choaks all mortal sins, as the very blood of Christ doth.” Cord. Raspon. de Bas. Lat. 1. 2. c. 8.

So oil is consecrated, “ that it may scatter all the pains, all infirmities, and all the sorrows both of soul and body, and be a safeguard and restoration to them, who shall be anointed with it.” *Et sic de ceteris.*

What innumerable and commodious ways they found for allaying the fear of purgatory, who knows not?

If



If locusts did the land invade ;  
 If mice and vermin havoc made ;  
 If caterpillars prov'd a scourge ;—  
 Your Church could give a dose to purge,  
 Her *anathema's* power they knew ;  
 At prelate's ban away they flew ‡.  
 Of holy water there was store,  
 At ev'ry church and chapel-door.  
 Then sanctuaries still were free,  
 Where ev'ry miscreant might flee.  
 Your privileged shrines and altars,  
 Redeem'd from prisons, blocks and halters.  
 Then crows could souls and bodies save,  
 And ghostly cures defraud the grave.  
 Then priests and pardons did men greet,  
 At ev'ry gate, in ev'ry street,

‡ Exorcisms and anathemas were often pronounced over inanimate creatures, or against noxious animals. Serpents, floods, agues, &c. were solemnly conjured. They had a book called *Flagellum Daemonum* ; and another intitled, *The Treasure of the Dreadful Conjurations*. Direful forms of cursing and excommunication yet remain in the Ritual, to be denounced against caterpillars, locusts, &c. We are assured they have often been actually inflicted, and what is more, with speedy success. St. Grat, a saint of eminence, exorcised away all the rats he found in the county of Aost, and three miles round it, &c. &c.

Then

Then cloister screen'd both old and young,  
 Where monks and holy sisters sung :  
 (Of these of late a welcome band  
 Return'd to consecrate our land.)  
 Then friars white, and black, and gray,  
 Did bless, and curse, and beg, and pray ;  
 Thro' all the land did vigils keep,  
 That people might securely sleep.

Dread Sire ! if you the rolls inspect  
 Of ancient times—the retrospect  
 Will shew we once possess'd some merit :  
 What could exceed our zeal and spirit ?  
 To furnish oil, and fit repairs,  
 Our princes bound themselves and heirs,  
 And swore *Rome-Scot* to pay for ever,  
 That Rome and Britain ne'er might sever.  
 Free gifts from time to time they lent ;  
 And many a holy mark they sent :  
 Our nation's purse oft freely bled :  
 To Rome, when bid, our bishops sped.  
 Some blessed bones you had from thence ;  
 A boon more rich than *Peter-pence*.  
 Look to the Kalendar, you'll find  
 Some British saints quite to your mind.  
 Such store we had, in troops they fail'd,  
 For fear the stock abroad had fail'd.  
 Your own great Annalist will tell,  
 How many thousand virgins fell,

When

When they had reach'd a foreign shore,  
 Ten times ten hundred saints and more :  
 Or, as your golden legend shows,  
 When marching back from paying vows  
 At Rome, with pope and priests in train,  
 Who join'd their songs to Cologne's plain,  
 Where barb'rous Huns these vot'ries slew ;  
 All British virgins good and true \*.

Nay,

\* The Golden Legend, the Revelations of St. Elizabeth, Surius, Richard *præmonstr. in vita Ursula*, and others, record the story of St. Ursula, daughter of a British or Scottish prince, who, to avoid the importunity of a suitor or husband, mustered and marshalled an army of 11,000 virgins, and, entering into a vow, led them to Rome, who, returning thence with augmented number, were all put to the sword by the Huns, the King of Cologne, or somebody else, for their obstinate adherence to their vow. And all this as early as the 3d or 4th century. Their bones however have been dug up at Cologne ; and the church has long honoured their memory by a festival on the 21st of October.

Baronius, though he is inclined to give a different turn to the expedition, yet, in honour to his church, admits the reality and number of the martyrs. He laments that some circumstances added not so authentic, should have brought into discredit

Nay, kings and queens have oft retir'd,  
 And in religious garb expir'd:  
 But not until authentic deed,  
 In due regard to church's need,  
 Their manors and rich lands bequeath'd,  
 That their poor ghosts might not be skaith'd.  
 Some to your thresholds have repair'd;  
 Some in crusading glories shar'd.  
 Our Richard, *Cœur de Lion*, fought  
 Rome's glory, and her battle's fought;  
 Slew thousands on the Syrian strand,  
 To win for monks the holy land.  
 No crowned head, we dare aver,  
 Could ever match our John *Sans-terre* †,  
 Who, tamed by your well-timed thunder,  
 Like son obedient, knocked under:

dit this *gravissimam historiam*. *Baron. Ann. ad. an.*  
 383. & in *Not. in Martyr. Rom.*

† King John, so styled, because of the resignation he made of all his territories to the pope's legate, as the only term of reconciliation, after he had been excommunicated, and the kingdom laid under an interdict. In the instrument of resignation, he was made to declare, that what he did was by the suggestion of the Holy Spirit; that he acted in this affair not from fear, but purely from his own free will. He took the oath of homage publicly to the pope, and his successors.

And



And of his kingdom took a lease,  
 Now plac'd among the papal fees.  
 For Rome he broke the *Magna Charta* †;  
 Deem'd then as now a *Magna F-ris*;  
 (Thank Oliver for this good rhyme,  
 Which may atone for many a crime;)   
 Here Becket royal ire withstood,  
 And for your rights shed brains and blood.  
 Our Henries too, with zeal inflam'd,  
 For holy see, good statutes fram'd,  
 Plain laws, without an innuendo,  
*De Hæretico comburendo*,  
 But we the like designs must cover,  
 Till we some obstacles get over.  
 Here Royal pens, as well as laws,  
 Have justified your righteous cause:

† The barons having risen against the king, after he became the pope's vassal, he consented to grant them two charters, the first of which was the same with that called *Magna Charta*. When the king complained to the pope of these encroachments on his prerogative, the pope was highly incensed, and swore by St. Peter that the English crown, of which himself was the sovereign, should not be so unhandsomely used: and having summoned the cardinals, by consent of the conclave, he pronounced the charters void. When the barons rose in arms in their defence, he laid them under excommunication, &c.

This

This way our mighty Henry's name  
 In Rome acquir'd immortal fame;  
 Bold he attack'd the German boar,  
 Who rais'd against you such uproar,  
 And earn'd the style of Faith's Defender;  
 Of which our monarchs have been tender;  
 Loving to keep old faith unstain'd;  
 Though heresy hath sometimes reign'd.

What pity! that this puissant Harry  
 Receiv'd so late your Bull to marry!  
 A blunder this, from whence these nations  
 Catch'd first the rage for Reformations,  
 Which spread such havoc thro' the land,  
 That nothing sacred could withstand;  
 Not Becket's shrine, nor holy rood,  
 Nor groaning boards, nor bubbling blood.  
 Then all our images down fell,  
 And sermons did the mass expell;  
 Then bibles led the new devotions,  
 And fill'd our people's heads with notions,  
 Which ever since have prov'd unsettled,  
 Too wise, unruly, and high mettled.  
 Then statutes barb'rous multiply'd,  
 By which some heroes more have died,  
 To fill in Calendar a blank,  
 Which with your Xaviers might rank;  
 Although the number, it is true,  
 Since that fam'd æra have been few.

For our sage monarchs have been wary,  
 Resentment not too far to carry  
 'Gainst mother-church, and triple crown,  
 When they could well secure their own;  
 Hence laws here made against *Non-Co...*  
 Have kill'd you en'mies ten for one.  
 But all your wrongs we now deplore  
 Above rehears'd, and thousands more.  
 Let ne'er such deeds again be nam'd;  
 Of these excesses we're asham'd:  
 If any for them yet will plead,  
 Rome's curses light upon their head!

With pleasure we can now review  
 The noble struggles to renew  
 The ancient league, to heal the breach,  
 'Gainst which the bigots all did preach:  
 Our Courtiers headed the design,  
 And wrought in dark their mazy mine;  
 While priests and prelates lent a hand  
 To reconcile the guilty land,  
 For which still thousands here were panting;  
 Some bold attempts were never wanting.  
 Even good Queen Bess might have prov'd civil,  
 Had Paul not giv'n her to the devil.  
 No wonder though she dudgeon took;  
 What woman could such rudeness brook;  
 Our James so *learnit* and so wise,  
 Though for a while he wore a guise,

When wiser grown, he nearer mov'd  
 To Spain, and Rome, so dearly lov'd :  
 Reforming Puritans so bold  
 In royal rhetoric he would scold :  
 And ere he di'd, 'twas plain as day,  
 He long'd to meet you full half way.

His pious son, with Laud his Grace,  
 May with your martyrs claim a place,  
 Who strove against the wind and tide,  
 Into your port our church to guide :  
 Still greater progress they had made,  
 Had not the axe chopp'd off their head.  
 Blest saints ! whom here we venerate,  
 Sure worthy of a better fate.  
 To none in heav'n such incense burns,  
 As yearly here flames round their urns.

The royal brothers, 'tis well known,  
 Preferr'd your interest to their own ;  
 With might and main strove to advance  
 The holy schemes of Rome and France,  
 (Then France with Rome was unison,  
 But these her glorious days are gone)  
 Their success equal'd not their zeal ;  
 So strong did prejudice prevail.  
 Great James, the foe of penal laws,  
 Risk'd life and honour in the cause ;

Though



Though his designs the rebels crost,<sup>†</sup>  
 Yet sure three kingdoms were well lost ;  
 His kingdoms he might have retain'd,  
 And like another Lewis reign'd,  
 And broke the nation to your sway,  
 If ministers had known the way :  
 Had father Petre been more cool,  
 Or train'd in P—t's or Gr—le's school,  
 Had he gone slow, or round about,  
 His point he might have gain'd, no doubt :  
 Your cautious maxims were forgot ;  
 Too soon our Castlemaine did trot,  
 To urge precipitant the matter,  
 Ere all was ripe this side the water ;  
 Which set the heretics a scoffing,  
 And in his popeship caus'd a coughing. \*

C 2

But

† Whenever the Earl of Castlemain, who was  
 sent to the court of Rome, on the errand of recon-  
 ciliation, demanded an audience upon that subject,  
 the Pope foreseeing no good from such hasty  
 measures and violence, was always, on the occasion,  
 taken with a fit of coughing, which so frequently  
 interrupted the harangue of our Ambassador, that  
 in a haughty strain he threatened to return home ;  
 upon which his holiness with a sneer, advised him to  
 set out early in the morning, because, in that country,  
 it was dangerous travelling in the heat of the day.

But that great work, so often marr'd,  
 Which long cros accidents have barr'd,  
 To better hands is now devolv'd :  
 To finish it we are resolv'd—  
 Although we cannot, in an hour,  
 Make popery and despotic power  
 Look lovely in a nation's eye,  
 Fond of heretic-liberty.  
 But join'd with prudence and with zeal,  
 Our courage must at last prevail.  
 If dangers rise, t' allay our fears,  
 We beg you'll help us with your pray'rs.  
 For to be plain, we greatly dread,  
 'That all your ghostly aid we'll need :  
 Ev'n fun'ral masses many a one,  
 Perhaps we'll want ere all be done.

You surely know—we ha'n't forgot it,  
 Time from our mem'ry cannot blot it,  
 What late our capital beset  
 (All Europe's gazettes still can tell)  
 When we enroll'd your trusty band  
 'To be the safeguard of our land,  
 'To prop the throne, sedition quell,  
 And rebel-*Tankes* slay pell-mell ;  
 When North and Saville, Sackville, Burke,  
 Combin'd t' advance the godly work,  
 In hopes their wond'rous coalition  
 Would stop the breath of opposition :

But

But scarce had their united zeal  
 Procur'd of statutes a repeal,  
 The barriers which our William rais'd.  
 Against your pow'r, when forth it blaz'd.  
 O then, what outcries, meetings, motions,  
 Debates, remonstrances, commotions !  
 Petitions, hundred paces long,  
 Associations, myriads strong !  
 With mobs and riots in the rear,  
 Which put your friends in deadly fear.  
 'Twas then their fortitude was prov'd,  
 'Twas seen who Rome supremely lov'd :  
 Our ears, what time we walk'd the street,  
 The cry, " No Popery !" still would greet.

Of all petitions, right or wrong,  
 Or whig or tory, short or long,  
 Our sovereign House, your wisdom knows,  
 Can by a vote at once dispose ;  
 (And votes we ever find at will,  
 All pious wishes to fulfill.)  
 Court-lawyers can take out their stings :  
 But mobs are very serious things.  
 For then the tatter'd blacks and rogues  
 Pelt Lords, as children Esop's frogs,  
 Nor mind their sprawling or their croaking ;  
 Their pain or death to them is joking.  
 Some of us mind the noisy day,  
 When with the mob we had a fray,

The thought's enough to cause a fever :  
 St. George avert the like for ever !  
 When dukes with chair-men clothes were  
     rubbing,  
 And bishops scarce escap'd a drubbing ;  
 When some heroic lords and knights  
 Had nigh fall'n martyrs for your rights :  
 When hats were stolen, wigs were tost,  
 Queues discompos'd, and watches lost ;  
 Coach-glasses broken ;——gowns were torn,  
 And some suspected members sworn,  
 Without the book——against your cause :  
 But what they swore with *hems* and *has*  
 Your holy church could never skaith,  
 Since heretics can claim no faith.

But when the fires began to blaze  
 Your friends stood all in great amaze,  
 Courage did stoutest breasts forsake ;  
 Even L--mb--th and St. J--s did quake ;  
 When clouds of smoke did tow'ring rise,  
 And Pires of flames did reach the skies,  
 Ascending up both night and day,  
 Much like the torment, which they say,  
 Awaits the monstrous Beast, and all  
 Who to his image down do fall.  
 Though rais'd above such vulgar notions,  
 Nor dreading harm from Rome's devotions,

Yet



Yet 'midst combustion and distress,  
 Allow us, Father, to confess  
 Some qualms we felt, some childish doubt,  
 Lest heav'n's last vials should now pour out ;  
 Lest London's flames the type become  
 Anticipating those of Rome.

Our heretics love to harp on  
 These mystic visions of St. John,  
 Great Babylon's tremendous fall ;  
 On this all preachers us'd to bawl ;  
 When like a millstone in the flood  
 She sinks—when sulphur, fire, and blood,  
 Her wealth and vast domains shall waste  
 While all her lovers stand aghast ;  
 When kings who in delicious sort  
 Have liv'd with her, a last effort  
 Shall make, by intrigues, leagues, and war,  
 To help, when nobles from afar  
 Shall see her smoke, and sorrows share,  
 And all enriched with her ware,  
 Cast dust, and wailing, cry alas !

“How soon doth so much glory pass !”

So we aloof stood looking on  
 The smoking ruins to bemoan.

But from this prospect let us turn ;  
 Let Rome still live, though London burn ;  
 Though commerce perish, empires fall,  
 And ruin seize on great and small !

We

We soon aveng'd th' affronted cause,  
 And seal'd in blood the popish laws ;  
 Brought more to gibbets and to jails,  
 Than when rebellion shook these isles.  
 We found a pliant limb of law,  
 Such as *good times Carolian* saw,  
 And dub'd him for the turn a lord ,  
 The work was done, by some deplor'd.  
 This Northern Sage, to check such crimes,  
 Found out the law of these *good times*,  
 That made all large assemblies, riots,  
 To gut a chapel, or to buy oats ;  
 That held all leagues, associations,  
 Conventicles, and convocations,  
 And large petitions, without warrant  
 From ruling pow'rs, sedition arrant.  
 These wholesome laws we have of late,  
 To ward off harm from church and state;  
 Rouz'd up again as from the dead,  
 And on them great improvements made,  
 Such as your college ne'er could reach,  
 Though such as Dominics did preach.

That dang'rous crisis now is past ;  
 We've got the nation hush'd at last :  
 Th' Association Protestant  
 No more their zeal or numbers vaunt,  
 Your friends chaunt mass, and tell their beads,  
 In triumph, while they hide their heads,

Condemn'd—

Condemn'd to bear the guilt and shame  
 Of crimes committed in their name,  
 By mobs, the dregs of all the nation,  
 Made theirs by legal imputation.  
 Their Præses, jury once could save,  
 But Newgate hurried to the grave.

O happy, well-tim'd insurrection,  
 That gain'd your cause, fame and protection ;  
 The beam has turned on your side,  
 We've humbled thus the zealots pride,  
 And tam'd the keenest of your foes,  
 Saddled with London's crimes and woes :  
 Confounded in their name and cause,  
 With those who spurn all human laws.  
 Their predecessors so are treated,  
 Who Charles' arts and arms defeated,  
 And brought prerogative low down ;  
 For when they won too much renown,  
 In lucky time the levellers rose,  
 With zeal reforming work to close,  
 Who made both Lords and King to pack ;  
 All which on Presbyterians back  
 We boldly lay, that they may sink,  
 And, join'd with traitors names, may stink.  
 This justice, or this pious fraud,  
 So like your own, you must applaud :  
 Thus German Boors and Munster Jacks,  
 Came in as seasonable checks,

To stop bold Luther's innovation,  
 And blast his rising reputation.  
 Their bedlam-pranks, fanatic crimes,  
 Were charg'd to him a thousand times :  
 So Europe's courst, at present day  
 Still blast reform the good old way.

Pray, Father, let not slip this time ;  
 Benignant smile on this our clime :  
 We know, though great your power and ire,  
 As oft you've shown by sword and fire,  
 'Gainst all of high or low degree  
 Who durst insult your holy see,  
 That Rome imperial has relented,  
 When kings and nations have repented ;  
 When long her pardons she deny'd,  
 That penitence might well be try'd,  
 The wholesome fasts and whippings pasts,  
 Her hour of mercy came at last :  
 Her smile revived those who mourn'd,  
 And into joy their sackloth turn'd.  
 So at *Canassa's* barred gate  
 You made the culprit Henry wait, †  
 Depriv'd of viands, cold or hot,  
 Stript of his robes a *sans culotte*,  
 Shiv'ring all day and night in snow,  
 But the fourth day did favour show :

Matilda

† Henry IV. Emperor of Germany.



Matilda su'd—you could forgive,  
And bad the prostrate monarch live.

Another Henry in this isle,  
Though doom'd to walk a triple mile,  
Barefoot, in penance for his sin—  
Though monks did flog his royal skin,  
Yet sure his peace was cheaply earn'd,  
Your wrath was hell on earth, he learn'd †.

He too of France 'yclep'd the Great,  
Another Henry, whose hard fate  
Subjected him to your dread thunder,  
When all his en'mies had knockt under,  
Could

† The story of Henry II.'s submission and flagellation, is to be found in every history of England. The resentment he had raised against himself in the affair of Becket, could no otherwise be allayed, nor his crown preserved, but by undergoing the penance. The words of *Math. Paris*, a writer near these times, are ; “ But as the slaughterers of this glorious martyr had taken an opportunity to slay him from a few words the king had uttered rather imprudently, the king asked absolution from the bishops who were present at the ceremony, and subjecting his bare skin to the discipline of rods received three or five stripes from every one of the religious persons, a multitude of whom had assembled.”

Could not be Christian, or a king,  
 'Till seal'd by you with Fisher's ring ;  
 This last of favours to obtain  
 He su'd, and su'd for years in vain ;  
 Sent bishops, peers, your court to greet,  
 And lay his laurels at your feet.  
 You deign'd at length to cast your eye  
 On wretched suppliant majesty :  
 The act of absolution passes,  
 With fasts piacular and masses ;  
 With lashes laid on *Perron's* shoulders ;  
 (So edifying to all beholders ;)   
 Who stoop'd a willing offering,  
 A scape goat for the guilty king ‡.

Dread

‡ Henry IV. of France, after long negotiation, and waiting, was at last graciously admitted to the benefit of ecclesiastical discipline at Rome, accompanied with corporal whipping. He was however so far indulged, as to have this inflicted on him by proxy. The proxies were Du Perron, and D' Oflat, who were afterwards made cardinals ; the former of whom had himself abjured the Protestant faith. During the ceremony of the king's absolution, and while the choiristers were singing the psalm *Miserere mei Deus*, the Pope at every verse beat with a rod on the shoulders of each of the two proxies, who were allowed however to keep on their clothes.

This

Dread Sire ! if our fond wishes speed,  
 If these our pious vows succeed,  
 We've peers, and prelates too, to send,  
 Who soul and body both will lend  
 To help their country from the lurch,  
 And link it fast to holy church.  
 Among our Commons too are some  
 Would foot it to St. Peter's tomb,  
 And if your justice so decree  
 Would bare their back, and bend their knee ;  
 And take with joy the ghostly whipping,  
 To put us in your holy keeping.  
*B—ke* will a second Perron prove,  
 So great for you his zeal and love,  
 To expiate the deadly crimes  
 Of modern mad reforming times,  
 When here, as now in other lands,  
 We laid our sacrilegious hands

This salutary part of the discipline, was expressly  
 inserted in the written process that was drawn up  
 of the solemn transaction, "*Dominus Papa verberabat & percutiebat humeros Procuratorum, & cujuslibet ipsorum, virga quam in manibus habebat.*"  
 The French ministers, startled at this clause, would  
 not allow it to be joined with the bull of absolution  
 sent to the king for his acceptance.

*Letters de Card. D'Orléans. Sully's Memoirs.*

On fabrics, which for ages stood  
 For chaunting priests, and brotherhood,  
 Adorn'd with pix, and painted glories,  
 And chivalry's enchanting stories ;  
 On lordly manors tied to mitres,  
 And rich estates, by right St. Peter's.

This trumpeter of holy war  
 Has spread his fame both near and far,  
 When you a vacant hat can spare,  
 We recommend him to your care ;  
 It well would fit his hoary head ;  
 With canonizing when he's dead.  
 'Though we a pension here have granted,  
 A little more may still be wanted :  
 And nought can recompence his merits ;  
*Ignatius'* soul he full inherits,  
 With zealous *Bernard's*, *Anselm's*, *Bonner's* :  
 Who then would grudge him double hon-  
 ours ?

We all perceive our fatal error,  
 Now France holds up the lively mirror ;  
 Ask, and we'll give : what will we not ?  
 If you but strike the iron while hot,  
 Now is the time to interpose  
 The long and mournful breach to close :  
 Your friends are strong this side the water,  
 And long to say the *Noster Pater* :

The



The Great love pageantry and state,  
 High titles, cost, and etiquette,  
 At court, at church, or at a ball :  
 Our well-bred beaux and gentry all  
 Will sink to image of our Lady,  
*St. Francis*, or good Irish *Paddy* :  
 So vastly humble, and so civil,  
 They'll bow to angel, or to devil.  
 Our ladies too love what is gaudy,  
 Romans, and legends, not too bawdy ;  
 Fine dress, fine toys, and softish airs,  
 As church for holidays prepares :  
 With them the *ton* may yet prevail,  
 In ease to sigh beneath the veil.

Our thunder-bolts of war display  
 Their warm devotion too this way ;  
 'To fight for you, and allies dear,  
 'Gainst earth and heav'n, they boldly swear.  
 Processions rank and file they meet,  
 Each *Padron* and *Madona* greet :  
 Of priests and altars they take care,  
 And holy rags and relics spare.  
 Though souls they damn at ev'ry breath,  
 And swear by Jesus' wounds and death,  
 See chiefs and privates at their post  
 Devotion-struck before the host !

In face of death to banish fear,  
They now your *blest* colours wear.

Since we have now the honour lost,  
Which Scotia's sons so long could boast,  
The *Eldest son* of church to guard,  
And from his sacred person ward  
All harm, on ev'ry gala-day,  
And keep the fish-wives far away ;  
Before the Amazonian brood  
Turn'd *sans-culottes* so fierce and rude ;  
Now Scotch and Swedish guards dismiss,  
The Church's Head they will assist :  
A body-guard we gladly lend,  
Our holy Father to defend ;  
That you may Lent or Christmases keep,  
And feed or shear secure your sheep.  
With flag display'd in British pride,  
See round your coasts our navy ride !  
Your medals, while the world shall last,  
Grateful record our service past,  
*Rome sav'd by British cannon*, stands  
The head and glory of all lands.

Nor will our Clergy lag behind :  
They turn with each court-wave and wind.  
They'll catch at fair preferment's bait,  
Or shrink at thought of Cranmer's fate.

Their

Their *Sumpsimus* when we expell,  
 Old *Mumpsimus* will do as well \*;  
 They'll swallow all your creed with ease,  
 And sign or swear to what you please :  
 With them this is but daily sport ;  
 Alike to them *Harminc* or *Dort*.  
 If we but say the word, 'tis done ;—  
 To Mecca, or to Rome, they run.

Reformers, whom they hate as hell,  
 They'll curse with candle, book and bell.  
 With you they've curs'd, and pray'd, and fasted,  
 Each year while our crusade has lasted :  
 And while we bid, the faithful pack  
 Will follow on, and scent the track,  
 As keen and staunch as Spain's blood-hounds :  
 Eternal War ! each voice resounds.  
 The *Knocking Jacks* of former time,  
 No more appear in Northern clime,  
 To hurl their vengeance 'gainst your head  
 Rejoice with us, that race is dead ;  
 Of all your priests the dread and pest,  
 Who convents smok'd like a rook's nest.

\* An old priest in Henry VIII.'s time, in reading the Psalter, always read *Mumpsimus Domine*, for *Sumpsimus* ; having been admonished of it, he said, " he had read it so for 30 years, and would not leave his *old Mumpsimus*, for their *new Sumpsimus*."

No more their *Solemn Leagues* shall wake,  
 'To mar our schemes, and make Rome quake.  
 Now *Jack* and *Martin* league in one :  
 Alike well-wishers to your throne.  
 The Kirk has got a soporific :  
 And Presbyters are quite pacific.  
 Each exil'd priest they hail as brother,  
 And feel for you, and Holy Mother.  
 Their zeal that once so furious burn'd,  
 To love and sympathy is turn'd.  
 With you they chaunt, with you they moan :  
 Give sigh for sigh, and groan for groan.

Yet still perhaps a headstrong rabble,  
 Who love in politics to dabble,  
 Who read old books, old systems quote,  
 And talk of *Bill of Rights* by rote—  
 May boggle at the coalition,  
 Excite alarm, and stir sedition.  
 But we will wisely with them deal ;  
 And hope in time we shall prevail :  
 Or if the fools will not be still,  
 We'll head and hang them, when we will.  
 All we will lead, or drag, or drive,  
 Into your fold—dead or alive.  
 We hope your *Sanctity* will make  
 Some small allowance for the weak.  
 Let your indulgences be ample,  
 Of ev'ry sort send o'er a sample :

Nor



Nor make the penance too severe;  
 Consider what your lambs can bear.  
 Another *Pole* send with full pow'rs,  
 Again three kingdoms may be yours.  
 To recompence some recent losses,  
 Take British Stars, for Lewis' Crosses.  
 Of heresy wipe out the stain,  
 'Till not the smallest speck remain.  
 Both Court and Parl —t he'll bless;  
 On bended knees, his robes we'll kiss;  
 With tears of joy take absolution,  
 Abjure reform with revolution †.

Our

† When Card. Pole came over in Mary's reign, to reconcile and absolve the English nation, the queen sent two of the principal persons of the court, with a sumptuous retinue to wait for him at Brussels. He was received at his landing by two representatives of the whole nobility, a spiritual and a temporal lord. He was accompanied the whole way to London by a numerous attendance of prelates and peers. As he sailed up the Thames, with a vast train of barges to escort him, the king went down to the water side, to do him honour: and when one of the lords observed, "Your Majesty is going to wait on your subject;" the king replied, "I go to pay due honour to the *Legate of the holy See*." — The queen waited for him on the stairs; and

Our oath of fealty we'll renew,  
And vow to you and priests their due.

Much

and the king having placed him on her Majesty's right-hand, he addressed her in the following terms: " V. Maesta ha da ringratiar grandemente, perche la giunta insieme le due maggior potesta del mondo : cioe quella della Maesta della imperatore rapresentata nella Maesta del Re, & quella della sanctita del papa, representata nella persona mia."

This was but a prelude to the solemn act of reconciliation, appointed on St. Andrew's day, in the great chamber of the palace. The king, queen, and the two states of parliament, being assembled on the day appointed, the legate was introduced with full pomp, with all the ensigns of his high character : after a speech by him, and another by Bishop Gardiner, who extolled the divine mercies to this kingdom, " which had preserved this angelic minister for their sakes, who came to lead them out of darkness into light, through this their act of obedience to the apostolic see, which their ancestors had always acknowledged ;"—the whole assembly unanimously declared, they would never swerve from their obedience ; and asking pardon three several times for their former transgressions, begged his reconciling benediction, which the legate accordingly pronounced before them all, the king and the queen standing, and the whole house of parliament

Much we deplore the late defection,  
 The plague that sprung from French infection,  
 That desolates your rich domains,  
 And turns even monks to laic swains.  
 Since upstarts good old customs chang'd,  
 All reg'lar government's derang'd :  
 See heav'n and earth together jumb'l'd ;  
 And Europe topsy-turvy tumb'l'd !  
 This *Morbus Gallicus* indeed  
 More than all Egypt's plagues we dread.

Your priests have had a bitter cup ;  
 Their Euphrates is dried up :  
 France will no more your coffers fill :  
 But British funds are pregnant still.  
 With you we'll make a common cause,  
 For ancient pow'r, and ancient laws.  
 Your injur'd rights we will restore,  
 And add to Europe's kings *one more*.  
 Each year we raise immense supplies,  
 With chain of gold to bind allies :

ment upon their knees, " weeping," says the historian, " tears of joy for so marvellous a blessing. This done, they broke up full of gratitude and thanksgiving, and went in a body to the Chapel-royal, to sing *Te Deum*."

*Beccatelli's Life of Pole.* Lond. 1766. p. 93—

Deign to accept a little share ;  
 Nor of the common cause despair.  
 Though one by one old friends drop off,  
 We'll bully Europe, brave its scoff,  
 In this good cause.—On us depend,  
 Though our last shilling we should spend.  
 Disasters ne'er shall make us flinch,  
 Nor to Reformers yield one inch.  
 Since now in France Reform's the word,  
 With tenfold rage we wield the sword,  
 Against our ancient nat'ral foe ;  
 We seek him on the banks of Po,  
 In Belgian swamps, and on the Rhine,  
 The Danube, and beyond the line,  
 Since we from Paris are debarr'd,  
 And eke from Quiberon are scar'd.

Once France we ap'd in ev'ry thing,  
 But ne'er will dance to this new spring.  
 Shall we e'er deign to eat or treat  
 With men, who kings and mitres hate !  
 Deny hierarchy divine !  
 On whom the light should never shine.  
 These Atheists we consign to fate ;  
 The mad reforming bulls we bait.  
 So much we pure religion love,  
 Back to your holy shrines we move.  
 We choose far rather to adore  
 Rome's 30,000 Gods and more,

Or



Or ancient Egypt's leeks or ox,  
 Or what her priests kept in a box,  
 Or venerate the Bramin's cow,  
 Or some West-Indian *Manitou* ;  
 Than learn of Cambon, or Gregoire,  
 To con a novel lesson o'er.

When first the arch-reformer rose  
 To trouble Germany's repose,  
 Rome with her princes leagu'd in haste  
 To hunt him down like a wild beast ;  
 And after summons, and due process,  
 Drove him from *aris*, and from *focis*.  
 We hope her zeal is not grown slack ;  
 Shall her two swords e'er rust contract ?  
 Mean time, while you suspend your thunder,  
 We threat and rage—the world's wonder :  
 Our bulls of interdict round scatter,  
 Forbidding bread, and fire, and water.  
 Like Leviathan great turmoiling,  
 We set the hoary deep a-boiling ;  
 Our broadsides pour on ev'ry shore ;  
 By land and sea make cannon roar.  
 If we don't burn we'll sink in ocean,  
 All who disturb the old devotion :  
 From love to faith, and India's gold,  
 We rummage worlds both new and old.  
 We raise commotions near and far ;  
 To give all peace, we stir up war :

On Europe's states bestow salvation,  
 But hast'ning first their devastation.  
 At bloody fight we cry, *Encore!*  
 On myriads slain heap myriads more;  
 If slaughter tire, and make a pause,  
 We preach anew the godly cause.  
 We heap our blessings on th' ingrate;  
 We fight and pray—they rail and hate,  
 We too must tame our wayward nation,  
 By tax on tax, and grim starvation.  
 High taxes prove increasing wealth,  
 And private ruin public health.  
 Our subtile Doctors all defend it:  
 But blockheads cannot comprehend it,  
 Though demonstration full appear,  
 Like Transubstantiation clear.  
 As we again grow orthodox.  
 We myst'ry love, and paradox,  
 Like you we save men 'gainst their will;  
 Befriending those we spoil or kill.  
 We bid all joy in gen'ral mourning;  
 As Nero harp'd while Rome was burning.

Our youthful charioteer drives on  
 The flaming car, like phaeton;  
 Resolv'd to guide, or in his fall,  
 To fire the world, and burn up all.  
 Great is our risk, and great the cost;  
 Help, Father, lest our all be lost!

To hoist your cross in every land,  
 We'll lend a choice and tested band,  
 Such as Tholouse or Alva led,  
 Or that by which the Indies bled.  
 Your blessing grant ! In work so good,  
 Who would not swim thro' seas of blood ?  
 Let Litanies be try'd, and Stations,  
 Processions solemn, and Rogations,  
 Thro' all your church's holy bounds,  
 Upstart conventions to confound.  
 Devise new forms of imprecation,  
 More modes terrific of damnation,  
 Than e'er were heard from mouth of man,  
 Or fill'd your *Maunday-Thursdays* ban ;  
 If all your stock is drain'd before,  
 Of curses, we'll recruit your store ;  
 B—ke will his kind assistance lend,  
 To aid your tropes his dagger send.  
 Our Senators will send their speeches  
 Against the patriots wanting breeches.  
 Our priests their Fast-day sermons cull,  
 And send you o'er some waggons-full ;  
 Your bulls are tame to our *John Bull*.  
 Some Peter Hermit too provide  
 Our croiser'd host with skill to guide :  
 Or much we doubt, if we may guess  
 By what is past, of wish'd success.  
 Or if you would in these ill times,  
 Exchange of sacred bells the chimes

For martial trumpet, fife, and drum,  
 We soon might all our foes o'ercome :  
 If you like Julius of great name \*,  
 Would throw the keys in Tyber's stream,  
To

\* Julius II. the warlike pope, who was so active in embroiling Europe, in the beginning of the XVI. Century. He entered keenly into the league against Lewis XII. of France ; and marched from Rome in person at the head of his troops. When passing over the Tyber, he is said to have cast the keys, the ensigns of his pastoral office, into the river, saying, " Since the keys of St. Peter do not avail us, let us take the sword of Paul." Hence came the epigram :

*In Gallum ut fama est, bellum gesturus acerbum,  
 Armata educit Julius urbe manum :  
 Accinctus gladio, claves in Tiberidis amnem  
 Projecit, & savus, talia verba facit :  
 Quam Petri nihil efficient ad praelia claves,  
 Auxilia Pauli forsitan ensis erit.*

He put the kingdom of France under an interdict, and was so full of rage against that people, that he gave order to put to death as many of them as could be found, promising a reward to those who should execute it. He sent over a large cargo of hams, wine, &c. to the king of England ; and to engage



To grasp the sword, the banner bear,  
 And for a time a helmet wear,  
 March forth, impatient for th' attack,  
 With all the College at your back,  
 (As all Our clergy are in motion  
 To join your standard of devotion ;)  
 Should you your sacred person show,  
 You'd vict'ry gain without a blow.  
 Then Buonaparte would be undone,  
 Your look would strike him into stone.  
 How long shall Rome's and Britain's foe,  
 From sea to sea in triumph go.  
 O'er Alps they march with rapid strides ;  
 Each boy your triple crown derides.  
 Church plate they seize, and melt down saints  
*Madonas* hack, with songs and taunts :  
 Your hoarded treasures they'll inspect,  
 Each masterpiece of art select,  
 And bear away the busts divine,  
 Which in your modern Pantheon shine,  
 From holy city they will tear  
 Each jewel 'till they leave her bare :

engage him more heartily in defence of the church, offered to transfer to him the title of *Most Christian*, together with the right to that kingdom. This pope, by his wars and excommunications, is said to have destroyed 200,000 Christians within the space of seven years.

'Till she like poor Scotch Kirk be left,  
 Of all her ornaments bereft ;  
 Till there remain (we say it weeping  
 No God nor holy thing worth keeping.

Had not each saint from France now fled,  
 Since not one pray'r to them is said ;  
 No knee to great St. Dennis bow'd,  
 Nor ev'en a farthing candle vow'd  
 To Martin, Greg'ry, or St. Dru'sin, ‡  
 'The martial spirit to infuse in,

We

‡ The following passage was contained in the office of St. Drausin, bishop of Soissons ; “ *Ad ejus monumentum concurrentibus universis,*” &c. “ All sorts of people flocked to the grave of St. Drausin, and those who found themselves under the necessity of fighting, and engaging the enemy, implored his assistance in a more particular manner For those who spent a whole night in prayer at his grave, used to have the advantage in a fight ” Accordingly, those who were to fight a duel, those who took the cross to go to the Holy Land, those who by their sieges were engaged in the wars of their sovereigns, in a word, all sorts of military men spent the night in prayers under his shrine. Thomas Becket himself came to implore the assistance of that saint against the king of England. as Joannes Sarisberienfis tells us in his life. The Earl of Montfort was also a whole night at his tomb, before he fought the Earl of Essex.

We should suspect these mighty dead  
 To battle march'd upon their head :  
 Or that Joan D'Arc, y'clep'd the *Maid*  
 Of *Orleans* her pranks still play'd,  
 And terror spread thro' British hosts,  
 To drive them routed from their coasts,  
 In pure revenge, because the b—h  
 We try'd, and burned for a witch.  
 Sure magic all our force difams :  
 Dear Father, use some counter charms.

When now our back is at the wall,  
 Will no kind Saint obey your call ?  
 Address each warlike one by turns,  
 Approach their tombs and holy urns ;  
 While we invoke our knight St. George  
 Who stab'd the dragon in the gorge ;  
 (As once our court, upon his day,  
 Did solemn grateful honours pay,  
 When he did timely help afford,  
 And his great namesake's wealth restor'd.  
 When all our nation at a call  
 Kept Jubilee—both great and small.)

Effex. The same author says, “ It was a common  
 opinion in his time that St. Draufin rendered those  
 men invincible, who spent the night at his tomb, be-  
 fore they fought, so that warriors came from Bur-  
 gundy and Italy to Soissons upon that account.”

If

If yet heav'n's host be at your back,  
 Pray, give our foes an instant check :  
 With ghostly legions on your side,  
 Of conquest turn the rapid tide.  
 If you with these secure alliance,  
 To all the world we'll bid defiance.  
 Let Saint *Michael* above the rest,  
 To join this great crusade be prest.  
 Or let his wooden sword be fought,  
 Wherewith the devil once he fought,  
 Which yet some where, as we are told,  
 Your church preserves from days of old.  
 With this we may at last prevail  
 When " railing accusations " fail :  
 Though snarling Calvin at it jeer ;  
 As well as at Longinus spear. †

Is there no rag, in sacred stores,  
 To save from wounds, or heal all sores,  
 No sword-proof shield, no rusty blade,  
 Which erst with monks campaigns have made.

Your

† At Carcassone, and Tours, they kept the relics of St. Michael. To gazing multitudes, on the day of his festival (still canonically holy in England) they would show his little sword, with a shield proportioned to it : and sometimes scenically represent the combat. " But in order to overcome the devil,

says



Your church-militia to arm,  
 And from *Noblesse* to ward off harm ?  
 In an enchanted coat of mail  
 Encas'd, they would no more turn tail :

Thus

says the Genevan Reformer, there will be need of a stronger and sharper sword than that." "Ad magni vero Michaelis, qui perigrinorum confluxu adeo frequens est, ostenditur ejus sica, pugioni puerili persimilis atque etiam clypeus ei valde accomodatus : Est enim similis cucurbitulis æreis, quæ frænis equorum affigi solent. Nemo profecto est hominum, aut etiam muliercularum, tam hebes, cui quam ridicula hæc sint, non pateat. Sed quia sub religionis velo tecta sunt hæc mendacia, Deum & angelos irridere, malum non videtur, &c." Calv. Op. *Admonit. de Reliquiis.*

But the warriors of the church, have often done wonders without either sword or shield. Turks and Tartars have been routed by the presence of an image. A good part of the Indies have been conquered the same way. The shift of *Our Lady* at Chartres, had the power of disabling an enemy from going backwards or forwards, and imparted the same quality to any shift which touched the box wherein it was kept : it was by this a certain knight found himself invulnerable. This shift being once set up as a banner on a wall, routed a great army. The

Virgin

Thus former knights, strong in your faith,  
 Nor gun-shot fear'd, nor sudden death. §  
 If by your aid our arms shall speed,  
 With you we'll share the glorious meed.  
 Or if your fortune should prove cross,  
 And from St. Peter's chair you tofs,  
 If you with Lewis to us fly,  
 With you we'll live, with you we'll die,  
 When from the Vatican you're driv'n,  
 Take Britain in your way to heav'n :

More

Virgin in person has often led her servants to victory:  
 Thus the Philips of France prevailed against Otho,  
 the Flemings, &c. The cities of Tournay, Ypres,  
 Orleans and Poitiers, once were defended by her  
 against the English; at the last of these she stood  
 like a great queen; and the keys of the city were  
 carried away by night, from under the Governor's  
 pillow, and found hanging in the morning by her  
 image. Even her Rosary could do as much in a  
 strait; by it the Turks were beaten from Europe:  
 A war ceased from Cologne, and Genoa; and the  
 plague from Pavia; and by this means General  
 Montfort and Captain Anthony put armies to the  
 rout.

§ In the religious wars of Ireland, the Catholics  
 often carried certain papers and figures about them,  
 which

More palaces we yet can spare,  
And old Cathedrals for repair.

But while your presence is deny'd,  
We hope these presents duly weigh'd,

Will

which their priests persuaded them would have the virtue of charms for their preservation. At the battle of Knocknaclashy, the following among others was found : “ This is the print of our Lady’s foot, and whoever wears it, and says 20 *Ave Marias*, shall be free from gun-shot.” Cox. p. 68.

In the pockets of Col. James Skelton, who fell at the siege of Limerick, fighting against the British Revolution, there was found a paper on which something like a spear’s head or wound was drawn, and about it were written ; “ This is the measure of the wounds of the side of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which was brought from Constantinoble to the Emperor of Charlemaine in a coffin of goulde, and is a most precious relique, to the end that he or she that carried the same about him, no fire nor water, no wind, tempest, knife, launce or sword, nor the devil cannot hurt him ; and the woman with child the day she seeth the same measure, shall not dey a sudden death, &c. — And if any man carry the same about him with good devotion, shall have the honor and victory of his enemy. The day  
that

Will move compassion in your breast ;  
 A Legate send to us in haste.  
 Our wishes crown without delay ;  
 AND WE WILL EVER FIGHT, AND PRAY.

that any doth read the same, or heard it read, shall  
 not dey an evil death. Amen."

*Animis scriptoris in manu Salvatoris.*

Story's *Impart. Hist.* of the War of Irel. p. 225.

We have heard more lately of abundance of  
 instances of the same kind, among the French  
 Crusaders.

## F I N I S.

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<i>Page</i>	<i>Line</i>	
41,	9,	read <i>disarms</i> .
	20,	for <i>wealth</i> read <i>health</i> .
42,	1,	for <i>back</i> read <i>beck</i> .



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## EPIGRAMS.

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### JACOB—T—SH LOYALTY.

ALL Scot——th JACS, with heavy moan  
Bewail'd their dear ALEXIS \* gone ;  
The pious tear dropt from their eye,  
To think the *Race Divine* should die.  
At last arousing from their trance,  
All hopes then lost from Rome or France,  
To Britain's C——rt they turn'd their view ;  
Some gleams of hope sprung up anew.

Now to atone for treasons past,  
They *passive* and peace-off'rings cast :  
“ *Jure divino*, let us own,  
“ The King, *de facto* on the throne ;  
“ Nor longer dispute about names ;  
“ We'll try to make a *G\*\*rge* a *James*.”

\* The fictitious name under which the praises of the Chevalier were celebrated, in an account of his escape and adventures after Culloden.

# ON THE PROCEEDINGS OF A CERTAIN LEARNED FACULTY.

'TIS long since venal Priests forsook their God,  
 To run uncheck'd in high preferment's road,  
 For sacred laws their Papa's word maintain'd,  
 And *Virtue* they call'd *Vice*, if he ordain'd :  
 Now venal Lawyers, at a Premier's nod,  
 Can scorn the laws of nations and of God :  
 As Priests lov'd heresy, *they* freedom love,  
 Secure of smiles, and favours from above.  
 From Priests degraded, quite to heel from crown,  
 Each holy rag they stript, like Lawyer's gown,  
 Then dress'd them in damnation-cap and frock,  
 To fit them for the fiery pile, or block.  
 Fir'd with the holy zeal, the Sc-tt-sh Bar  
 'Gainst *Rights of Men*, join ministerial war.  
 Ye modern Sons of Dominic ! proceed !  
 Your faintly Patron in his art exceed :  
 Go on, and cant, and bawl, and curse, and brand;  
 Until you purge this *Jacobinish* land.  
 Within your walls let no infection dwell;  
 Go boldly on, accuse, degrade, expell !  
 And if good *Charlie's* laws are still too mild;  
 Go, dream with her who bore the faintly child,  
 Who of a *Burning-torch* was brought to bed :  
 Your brains thus pregnant call for courtly aid ;

To ease your labour—Cry;—then *Quack* will fend  
 The ancient glorious writ *De Comburend'* ;  
 So may you join with Dominic your name ;  
 And share with Kouli-kan and Nero fame.

## ON A

*QUONDAM* PATRIOT, CREATED *L. L. D.*

AND PENSIONED AT COURT.

A PATRIOT fall'n ! like Sampson in the stocks,  
 Grinding in prison---shorn of all his locks :  
 Of friends the pity---scorn of all his foes,  
 Now freed from the dread of jaw-bone blows.  
 Now captive led, th' uncircumcised rout  
 Of Freedom's foes, all hail him with a shout.  
 The Oxford priests receive him as their own,  
 A passive son of *Alma Mater* known ;  
 Straight to their temple they their trophy lead,  
 And bind their fillets round the victim's head :  
 With festive joy their LEGUM DOCTOR dub ;  
 He sinks---no more to rise !

————— So the great *Club*  
 Of mighty Hercules, who long had rang'd  
 A monster-killer, to a *distaff* chang'd.  
 The hero, who through many regions flew,  
 Who lions, hydras, and fell tyrants flew,  
 In petticoats like some old waiting-maid,  
 In Queen Omphale's court his honours paid.

P     ]

A TRANSLATION FROM OWEN.

*Labitur indocto populus sub principe ; sicut  
Præ capitis titubant ebriitate pedes.*

WHEN an untutor'd Prince bears sway,  
The common-wealth falls to decay ;  
As when the head with drink is giddy,  
The feet can ne'er keep firm and steady.

ON THE  
DEATH OF CHARLES IX. OF FRANCE.

[*Translated from the Latin in the "Memoirs of  
Literature, 1710."*]

SEE ! France's bloody king in blood expires,  
His frame dissolves by slow consuming fires ;  
Why flows the sanguine tide thro' ev'ry pore,  
And bursts thro' ev'ry duct behind, before ?  
From panting mouth, from nose and eyes, and ears ?  
Of slaughter'd faints the cries now vengeance hears.  
The sanguine draught with greed the tyrant swill'd ;  
And ev'ry street and house with carnage fill'd :  
Rome's poison'd draught, once sweet, now turn'd to  
    pain,  
Still undigested, is thrown out again !





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